Merry Wives of Windsor

1602

HUTH 48

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At Mr. Griggs's fire, almost all the copies of the facsimile quarto of Shakspere's *Merry Wives* in Dr. Furnivall's series were burnt. Those that were issued had several faulty pages. Mr. Griggs is now reproducing a new facsimile for Mr. Quaritch, who publishes the series, from Mr. A. H. Huth's copy, which is far better than the one belonging to the Duke of Devonshire that was used for the first facsimile, and that had lost portions of some leaves. Mr. P. A. Daniel will re-edit this; and Mr. Griggs has generously resolved to give to every purchaser of the first issue, whose name he has, a copy of the second issue, so that they may have a perfect book. Unfortunately the American reprint of the quarto parallel with the folio text, was made from the faulty facsimile, without inquiry, and without collation with the original quarto. Owners of copies of this parallel text should therefore take care to acquire the forthcoming perfect facsimile of the quarto. — *Academy* 15 Sept. 1888

Huth 48.

Shakespeare (W.)
-K

A

Most pleasaunt and excellent conceited Comedie, of Syr *Iohn Falstaffe*, and the merrie Wiues of *Windsor*.

Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors, of Syr *Hugh* the Welch Knight, Iustice *Shallow*, and his wise Cousin M. *Slender*.

With the swaggering vaine of Auncient *Pistoll*, and Corporall *Nym*.

By *William Shakespeare*.

As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable my Lord Chamberlaines seruants. Both before her Maiestie, and else-where.

LONDON
Printed by T. C. for Arthur Iohnson, and are to be sold at his shop in Powles Church-yard, at the signe of the Flower de Leuse and the Crowne.
1602.

A pleasant conceited Comedie, of Syr *Iohn Falstaffe*, and the merry Wiues of *VVindsor*.

Enter Iustice Shallow, *Syr* Hugh, *Maister* Page, *and* Slender.

Shal. NEre talke to me, Ile make a star-chamber matter of it.
The Councell shall know it. (mee.

Pag. Nay good maister *Shallow* be perswaded by

Slen. Nay surely my vncle shall not put it vp so.

Sir Hu. Wil you not heare reasons M. *Slenders?* You should heare reasons.

Shal. Tho he be a knight, he shall not thinke to carrie it so away.

M. *Page* I will not be wronged: For you
Syr, I loue you, and for my couſen
He comes to looke vpon your daughter.

Pa. And heres my hand, and if my daughter
Like him so well as I, wee'l quickly haue it a match:
In the meane time let me intreat you to soiourne
Here a while. And on my life Ile vndertake
To make you friends.

Sir Hu. I pray you M. *Shallowes* let it be so.

The matter is pud to arbitarments.
The first man is M. *Page*, videlicet M. *Page*.
The second is my selfe, videlicet my selfe. (tyr.
And the third and last man, is mine host of the gar-

Enter Syr Iohn Falstaffe, Pistoll, Bardolfe, *and* Nim.

Here is sir *Iohn* himselfe now, looke you.
Fal. Now M. *Shallow*, youle complaine of me to the Councell, I heare?
Shal. Sir *Iohn*, sir *Iohn*, you haue hurt my keeper, Kild my dogs, stolne my deere.
Fal. But not kissed your keepers daughter.
Shal. Well this shall be answered.
Fal. Ile answere it strait. I haue done all this. This is now answred.
Shal. Well, the Councell shall know it.
Fal. Twere better for you twere knowne in (counsell, Youle be laught at.
Sir Hu. Good vrdes sir *Iohn*, good vrdes.
Fal. Good vrdes, good Cabidge.
Slender I brake your head,
What matter haue you against mee?
Slen. I haue matter in my head against you and your cogging companions, *Pistoll* and *Nym*. They carried mee to the Tauerne and made mee drunke, and afterward picked my pocket.
Fal. What say you to this *Pistoll*, did you picke Maister *Slenders* purse *Pistoll*?
Slen. I by this handkercher did he. Two faire shouell boord shillings, besides seuen groats in mill sixpences.

Fal.

Fal. What say you to this *Pistoll*?
Pist. Sir *Iohn*, and Maister mine, I combat craue
Of this same laten bilbo. I do retort the lie
Euen in thy gorge, thy gorge, thy gorge.
Slen. By this light it was he then.
Nym. Syr my honor is not for many words,
But if you run bace humors of me,
I will say mary trap. And there's the humor of it.
Fal. You heare these matters denide gentlemē,
You heare it.

Enter Mistresse Foord, *Mistresse* Page, *and her daughter* Anne.

Pa. No more now,
I thinke it be almost dinner time,
For my wife is come to meet vs.
Fal. Mistresse *Foord*, I thinke your name is,
If I mistake not.
Syr Iohn kisses her.
Mis. Ford. Your mistake sir is nothing but in the Mistresse. But my husbands name is *Foord* sir.
Fal. I shall desire your more aequaintance.
The like of you good misteris *Page*.
Mis. Pa. With all my hart sir *Iohn*.
Come husband will you goe?
Dinner staies for vs.
Pa. With all my hart, come along Gentlemen.

Exit all, but Slender *and mistresse* Anne.

Anne.

Anne. Now forsooth why do you stay me?
What would you with me?

Slen. Nay for my owne part, I would litle or nothing with you. I loue you well, and my vncle can tell you how my liuing stands. And if you can loue me why so. If not, why then happie man be his dole.

An. You say well M. *Slender.*
But first you must giue me leaue to
Be acquainted with your humor,
And afterward to loue you if I can.

Slen. Why by God, there's neuer a man in christendome can desire more. What haue you Beares in your Towne mistresse *Anne*, your dogs barke so?

An. I cannot tell M. *Slender*, I thinke there be.

Slen. Ha how say you? I warrant your afeard of a Beare let loose, are you not?

An. Yes trust me.

Slen. Now that's meate and drinke to me,
Ile run yon to a Beare, and take her by the mussell,
You neuer saw the like.
But indeed I cannot blame you,
For they are maruellous rough things.

An. Will you goe in to dinner M. *Slender*?
The meate staies for you.

Slen. No faith not I. I thanke you,
I cannot abide the smell of hot meate
Nere since I broke my shin. Ile tel you how it came
By my troth. A Fencer and I plaid three venies
For a dish of stewd prunes, and I with my ward
Defending my head, he hot my shin. Yes faith.

Enter

Enter Maister Page.

Pa. Come, come Maister *Slender*, dinner staies for you.

Slen. I can eate no meate, I thanke you.

Pa. You shall not choose I say.

Slen. Ile follow you sir, pray leade the way.
Nay be God misteris *Anne*, you shall goe first,
I haue more manners then so, I hope.

An. Well sir, I will not be troublesome.

Exit omnes.

Enter sir Iohn Falstaffes *Host of the Garter,*
Nym, Bardolfe, Pistoll, *and the boy.*

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter.

Sir Hu. Hark you *Simple*, pray you beare this letter to Doctor *Cayus* house, the French Doctor. He is twell vp along the street, and enquire of his house for one mistris *Quickly*, his woman, or his try nurse, and deliuer this Letter to her, it tis about Maister *Slender*. Looke you, will you do it now?

Sim. I warrant you Sir.

Sir Hu. Pray you do, I must not be absent at the grace.
I will goe make an end of my dinner,
There is pepions and cheese behinde.

Exit omnes.

Host. What ses my bully Rooke?
Speake schollerly and wisely.

Fal. Mine Host, I must turne away some of my followers.

Host. Discard bully, *Hercules* cassire.
Let them wag, trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pound a weeke.

Host. Thou art an Emperour *Cæsar, Phesser* and *Kesar* bully.
Ile entertaine *Bardolfe*. He shall tap, he shall draw.
Said I well, bully *Hector*?

Fal. Do good mine Host.

Host. I haue spoke. Let him follow. *Bardolfe*
Let me see thee froth, and lyme. I am at
A word. Follow, follow.

Exit Host.

Fal. Do *Bardolfe*, a Tapster is a good trade,
An old cloake will make a new Ierkin,
A withered seruingman, a fresh Tapster:
Follow him *Bardolfe*.

Bar. I will sir, Ile warrant you Ile make a good shift to liue.

Exit Bardolfe.

Pis. O base gongarian wight, wilt thou the spicket willd?

Nym. His minde is not heroick. And theres the humor of it.

Fal. Well my Laddes, I am almost out at the heeles.

Pis. Why then let cybes insue.

Nym. I thanke thee for that humor.

Fal.

Fal. Well I am glad I am so rid of this tinder Boy.
His stealth was too open, his filching was like
An vnskilfull singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humor is to steale at a minutes rest.

Pis. Tis so indeed *Nym*, thou hast hit it right.

Fal. Well, afore God, I must cheat, I must cony-catch.
Which of you knowes *Foord* of this Towne?

Pis. I ken the wight, he is of substance good.

Fal. Well my honest Lads, Ile tell you what I am about.

Pis. Two yards and more.

Fal. No gibes now *Pistoll*: indeed I am two yards
In the wast, but now I am about no wast:
Briefly, I am about thrift you rogues you,
I do intend to make loue to *Foords* wife,
I espie entertainment in her. She carues, she
Discourses. She giues the lyre of inuitation,
And euery part to be construed rightly is, I am
Syr *Iohn Falstaffes*.

Pis. He hath studied her well, out of honestie
Into English.

Fal. Now the report goes, she hath all the rule
Of her husbands purse. She hath legians of angels.

Pis. As many diuels attend her.
And to her boy say I.

Fal. Heree's a Letter to her. Heeres another to misteris *Page*.

Who euen now gaue me good eies too, examined
my exteriors with such a greedy intentiõ, with the
beames of her beautie, that it seemed as she would
a scorged me vp like a burning glasse. Here is ano-
ther Letter to her, shee beares the purse too. They
shall be Excheckers to me, and Ile be cheaters to
them both. They shall be my East and West Indies,
and Ile trade to them both. Heere beare thou this
Letter to mistresse *Foord*. And thou this to mistresse
Page. Weele thriue Lads, we will thriue.

Pist. Shall I sir Panderowes of *Troy* become?
And by my sword were steele.
Then Lucifer take all.

Nym. Here take your humor Letter againe,
For my part, I will keepe the hauior
Of reputation. And theres the humor of it.

Fal. Here sirrha beare me these Letters titely,
Saile like my pinnice to the golden shores:
Hence slaues, avant. Vanish like hailstones, goe.
Falstaffe will learne the humor of this age,
French thrift you rogue, my selfe and scirted Page.

Exit Falstaffe, and the Boy.

Pis. And art thou gone? Teaster Ile haue in pouch
When thou shalt want, bace Phrygian Turke.

Nym. I haue operations in my head, which are
humors of reuenge.

Pis. Wilt thou reuenge?

Nym. By *Welkin* and her Fairies.

Pis. By wit, or sword?

Nym. With both the humors I will disclose this
loue to *Page*. Ile poses him with Iallowes,

And

And theres the humor of it.

Pis. And I to *Foord* will likewise tell
How *Falstaffe* varlot vilde,
Would haue her loue, his doue would proue,
And eke his bed defile.

Nym. Let vs about it then.

Pis. Ile second thee: sir Corporall *Nym* troope on.

Exit omnes.

Enter Mistresse Quickly, *and* Simple.

Quic. M. *Slender* is your Masters name say you?

Sim. I indeed that is his name.

Quic. How say you? I take it hee is somewhat a
weakly man:
And he has as it were a whay coloured beard.

Sim. Indeed my maisters beard is kane colored.

Quic. Kane colour, you say well.
And is this Letter from sir *Yon*, about Misteris *Ann*,
Is it not?

Sim. I indeed is it.

Quic. So: and your Maister would haue me as
it twere to speak to misteris *Anne* concerning him:
I promise you my M. hath a great affectioned mind
to mistresse *Anne* himselfe. And if he should know
that I should as they say, giue my verdit for any one
but himselfe, I should heare of it throughly: For
I tell you friend, he puts all his priuities in me.

Sim. I by my faith you are a good staie to him.

Quic. Am I? I and you knew all yowd say so:
Washing, brewing, baking, all goes through my
Or else it would be but a woe house. (hands,

Sim. I beshrow me, one woman to do all this,

Is

Is very painfull.

Quic. Are you auiſed of that? I, I warrant you,
Take all, and paie all, all goe through my hands,
And he is ſuch a honeſt man, and he ſhould chance
To come home and finde a man here, we ſhould
Haue no who with him. He is a parlowes man.

Sim. Is he indeed?

Quic. Is he quoth you? God keepe him abroad:
Lord bleſſe me, who knocks there?
For Gods ſake ſtep into the Counting-houſe,
While *I* goe ſee whoſe at doore.

He ſteps into the Counting-houſe.

What *Iohn Rugby*, *Iohn*,
Are you come home ſir alreadie?

And ſhe opens the doore.

Doct. *I* begar *I* be forget my oyntment,
VVhere be *Iohn Rugby*?

Enter Iohn.

Rug. Here ſir, do you call?

Doc. *I* you be *Iohn Rugbie*, and you be *Iack Rugby*
Goe run vp met your heeles, and bring away
De oyntment in de vindoe preſent:
Make haſt *Iohn Rughie*. O *I* am almoſt forget
My ſimples in a boxe in de Counting-houſe:
O *Ieſhu* vat be here, a deuella, a deuella?
My Rapier *Iohn Rugby*, Vat be you, vat make
You in my Counting-houſe?
I tinck you be a teefe.

Quic. *Ieſhu* bleſſe me, we are all vndone.

Sim. O Lord ſir no: *I* am no theefe,
I am a Seruingman:

My

My name is *Iohn Simple*, *I* brought a Letter ſir
From my M. *Slender*, about miſteris *Anne Page*.
Sir: *I*ndeed that is my comming.

Doc. *I* begar is dat all? *Iohn Rugby* giue a ma pen
An *I*nck: tarche vn pettit tarche a little.

The Doctor writes.

Sim. O God what a furious man is this?

Quic. Nay it is well he is no worſe:
I am glad he is ſo quiet.

Doc. Here giue dat ſame to ſir *Hu*, it ber ve chalēge
Begar tell him *I* will cut his naſe, will you?

Sim. *I* ſir, *I*le tell him ſo. (may.

Doc. Dat be vell, my Rapier *Iohn Rugby*, follow

Exit Doctor.

Quic. VVell my friend, *I* cannot tarry, tell your
Maiſter *I*le doo what *I* can for him,
And ſo farewell.

Sim. Mary will *I*, *I* am glad *I* am got hence.

Exit omnes.

Enter Miſtreſſe Page, *reading of a Letter.*

(reaſon,

Miſ. Pa. Miſtreſſe *Page I* loue you. Aske me no
Becauſe theyr impoſſible to alledge. Your faire,
And *I* am fat. Yon loue ſack, ſo do *I*:
As *I* am ſure *I* haue no mind but to loue,
So *I* know you haue no hart but to grant (knowes
A ſouldier doth not vſe many words, where a
A letter may ſerue for a ſentence. *I* loue you,
And ſo *I* leaue you.

Yours Syr Iohn Falſtaffe.

Now

Now Ieshu blesse me, am I methomorphised?
I thinke I knowe not my selfe. Why what a Gods
name doth this man see in me, that thus he shootes
at my honestie? Well but that I knowe my owne
heart, I should scarcely perswade my selfe I were
hand. Why what an vnreasonable woolsack is this.
He was neuer twice in my companie, and if then I
thought I gaue such assurauce with my eies, Ide pul
them out, they should neuer see more holie daies.
Well, I shall trust fat men the worse while I liue for
his sake. O God that I knew how to be reuenged of
him. But in good time, heeres mistresse *Foord*.

Enter Mistresse Foord.

Mis.For. How now Mistris *Page*, are you reading
Loue Letters? How do you woman?

Mis.Pa. O woman I am I know not what:
In loue vp to the hard eares. I was neuer in sucha
case in my life.

Mis.Ford. In loue, now in the name of God with
whom?

Mis.Pa. With one that sweares he loues me,
And I must not choose but do the like againe:
I prethie looke on that Letter.

Mis.For. Ile match your letter iust with the like,
Line for line, word for word. Only the name
Of misteris *Page*, and misteris *Foord* disagrees:
Do me the kindnes to looke vpon this.

Mis.Pa. Why this is right my letter.
O most notorious villaine!
Why what a bladder of iniquitie is this?
Lets be reuenged what so ere we do.

Mis.For. Reuenged, if we liue weel be reuenged.
O Lord

O Lord if my husband should see this Letter,
Ifaith this would euen giue edge to his Iealousie.

Enter Ford, Page, Pistoll and Nym.

Mis.Pa. See where our husbands are,
Mine's as far from Iealousie,
As I am from wronging him.

Pis. Ford the words I speake are forst:
Beware, take heed, for *Falstaffe* loues thy wife:
When *Pistoll* lies do this.

Ford. Why sir my wife is not young.

Pis. He wooes both yong and old, both rich and
None comes amis. I say he loues thy wife: (poore
Faire warning did I giue, take heed,
For sommer comes, and Cuckoo birds appeare:
Page belieue him what he ses. Away sir Corporall
Exit Pistoll: (*Nym.*

Nym. Syr the humor of it is, he loues your wife,
I should ha borne the humor Letter to her:
I speake and I auouch tis true: My name is *Nym.*
Farwell, I loue not the humor of bread and cheese:
And theres the humor of it. *Exit Nym.*

Pa. The humor of it, quoth you:
Heres a fellow frites humor out of his wits.

Mis.Pa. How now sweet hart, how dost thou?

Enter Mistresse Quickly.

Pa. How now man? How do you mistris *Ford?*

Mis.For. Well I thanke you good M. *Page.*
How now husband, how chaunce thou art so me-
lancholy?

Ford. Melancholy, I am not melancholy.
Goe get you in, goe.

Mis.For. God saue me, see who yonder is:

Weele ſet her a worke in this buſineſſe.
Miſ.Pa. O ſheele ſerue excellent.
Now you come to ſee my daughter *An* I am ſure.
Quic. I forſooth that is my comming.
Miſ.Pa. Come go in with me. Come Miſ. *Ford.*
Miſ.For. I follow you Miſtreſſe *Page.*
Exit Miſtreſſe Ford, *Miſ.* Page, *and* Quickly.
For. M. *Page* did you heare what theſe fellowes
Pa. Yes M. *Ford*, what of that ſir? (ſaid?
For. Do you thinke it is true that they told vs?
Pa. No by my troth do I not,
I rather take them to be paltry lying knaues,
Such as rather ſpeakes of enuie,
Then of any certaine they haue
Of any thing. And for the knight, perhaps
He hath ſpoke merrily, as the faſhion of fat men
Are: But ſhould he loue my wife,
Ifaith Ide turne her looſe to him:
And what he got more of her,
Then ill lookes, and ſhrowd words,
Why let me beare the penaltie of it.
For. Nay I do not miſtruſt my wife,
Yet Ide be loth to turne them together,
A man may be too confident.
Enter Hoſt and Shallow.
Pa. Here comes my ramping hoſt of the garter,
Ther's either licker in his hed, or mony in his purſe,
That he lookes ſo merily. Now mine Hoſt?
Hoſt. God bleſſe you my bully rookes, God bleſſe (you.
Cauelera Iuſtice I ſay.
Shal. At hand mine hoſt, at hand. M. *Ford* god den
God den an twentie good M. *Page.* (to you.
I tell

I tell you ſir we haue ſport in hand.
Hoſt. Tell him cauelira Iuſtice: tell him bully
Ford. Mine Hoſt a the garter: (rooke.
Hoſt. What ſes my bully rooke?
Ford. A word with you ſir.
Ford *and the Hoſt talkes.*
Shal. Harke you ſir, Ile tell you what the ſport
Doctor *Cayus* and ſir *Hu* are to fight, (ſhall be,
My merrie Hoſt hath had the meaſuring
Of their weapons, and hath (eare:
Appointed them contrary places. Harke in your
Hoſt: Haſt thou no ſhute againſt my knight,
My gueſt, my cauellira:
For. None I proteſt: But tell him my name
Is *Rrooke*, onlie for a Ieſt.
Hoſt: My hand bully: Thou ſhalt
Haue egres and regres, and thy
Name ſhall be *Brooke*: Sed I well bully Hector?
Shal. I tell you what M. *Page*, I beleeue
The Doctor is no Ieſter, heele laie it on:
For tho we be Iuſtices and Doctors,
And Church men, yet we are
The ſonnes of women M. *Page*:
Pa: True maiſter *Shallow*:
Shal: It will be found ſo maiſter *Page:*
Pa. Maiſter *Shallow* you your ſelfe
Haue bene a great fighter,
Tho now a man of peace:
Shal: M. *Page* I haue ſeene the day that yong
Tall fellowes with their ſtroke & their paſſado,
I haue made them trudge Maiſter *Page*,
A tis the hart, the hart doth all: I

Haue ſeene the day, with my two hand ſword
I would a made you foure tall Fencers
Scipped like Rattes.

Hoſt. Here boyes, ſhall we wag, ſhall we wag?

Shal. Ha with you mine hoſt.

Exit Hoſt and Shallow.

Pa. Come M. *Ford*, ſhall we to dinner?
I know theſe fellowes ſticks in your minde.

For. No in good ſadneſſe not in mine:
Yet for all this Ile try it further,
I will not leaue it ſo;
Come M. *Page*, ſhall we to dinner?

Pa. With all my hart ſir, *I*le follow you.

Exit omnes.

Enter Syr Iohn, and Piſtoll.

Fal. *I*le not lend thee a peny.

Piſ. *I* will retort the ſum in equipage.

Fal. Not a pennie: *I* haue beene content you ſhuld lay my countenance to pawne: *I* haue grated vpon my good friends for 3. repriues, for you and your Coach-fellow *Nym*, elſe you might a looked thorow a grate like a geminy of babones. *I* am damned in hell for ſwearing to Gentlemen your good ſouldiers and tall fellowes: And when miſtriſſe *Briget* loſt the handle of her Fan, *I* tooked on my hothou hadſt it not.

Piſ. Didſt thou not ſhare? hadſt thou not fifteene pence?

Fal. Reaſon you rogue, reaſon.
Doeſt thou thinke *I*le indanger my ſoule gratis?
*I*n briefe, hang no more about mee, *I* am no gybit for you. A ſhort knife and a throng to your manner of

of pickt hatch, goe. Youle not beare a Letter for me you rogue you: you ſtand vpon your honor. Why thou vnconfinable baſeneſſe thou, tis as much as I can do to keep the termes of my honor preciſe. I, I my ſelfe ſometimes, leauing the feare of God on the left hand, am faine to ſhuffel, to filch & to lurch. And yet you ſtand vpon your honor, you rogue. You, you.

Piſ. I do recant: what woulſt thou more of man?

Fal. Well, gotoo, away, no more.

Enter Miſtreſſe Quickly.

Quic. Good you god den ſir.

Fal. Good den faire wife.

Quic. Not ſo ant like your worſhip.

Fal. Faire mayd then.

Quic. That I am Ile be ſworne, as my mother (was
The firſt houre I was borne.
Sir I would ſpeake with you in priuate.

Fal. Say on I prethy, heeres none but my owne houſhold.

Quic. Are they ſo? Now God bleſſe them, and make them his ſeruants.
Syr I come from Miſtreſſe *Foord*.

Fal. So from Miſtreſſe *Foord*. Goeon.

Quic. I ſir, ſhe hath ſent me to you to let you Vnderſtand ſhe hath receiued your Letter, (dit.
And let me tell you, ſhe is one ſtands vpon her cre-

Fal. Well, come Miſteris *Ford*, Miſteris *Ford*.

Quic. I ſir, and as they ſay, ſhe is not the firſt Hath bene led in a fooles paradice.

Fal. Nay prethy be briefe my good ſhe *Mercury*.

Quic. Mary ſir, ſheed haue you meet her between eight and nine.

Fal. So betweene eight and nine: (birding,
Quic. I forsooth, for then her husband goes a
Fal. Well commend me to thy mistris, tel her
I will not faile her: Boy giue her my purse.
Quic. Nay sir I haue another arant to do to you
From misteris Page:
Fal. From misteris Page? I prethy what of her?
Quic. By my troth I think you work by Inchant-
Els they could neuer loue you as they doo: (ments,
Fal. Not I, I assure thee: setting the atraction of my
Good parts aside, I vse no other inchantments:
Quic. Well sir, she loues you extreemly:
And let me tell you, shees one that feares God,
And her husband giues her leaue to do all:
For he is not halfe so iealousie as M. Ford is. (Ford,
Fal. But harke thee, hath misteris Page & mistris
Acquainted each other how dearly they loue me?
Quic. O God no sir: there were a iest indeed.
Fal. Well farwel, commend me to misteris Ford,
I will not faile her say.
Quic. God be with your worship.

Exit Mistresse Quickly.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir heer's a Gentleman,
One M. *Brooke*, would speak with you,
He hath sent you a cup of sacke.
Fal. M. *Brooke*, hees welcome: Bid him come vp,
Such *Brookes* are alwaies welcome to me:
A *Iack*, will thy old bodie yet hold out?
Wilt thou after the expence of so much mony
Be now a gainer? Good bodie I thanke thee,
And Ile make more of thee then I ha done:

Ha

Ha, ha, misteris Ford, and misteris Page, haue
I caught you a the hip? go too.

Enter Foord *disguised like* Brooke.

For. God saue you sir.
Fal. And you too, would you speak with me?
Fal. Mary would I sir, I am somewhat bolde to
My name is *Brooke*. (trouble you,
Fal. Good M. *Brooke* your verie welcome.
For. Ifaith sir I am a gentleman and a trauelled,
That haue seen somewhat. And I haue often heard
That if mony goes before, all waies lie open.
Fal. Mony is a good souldier sir, and will on.
For. Ifaith sir, and I haue a bag here,
Would you wood helpe me to beare it.
Fal. O Lord, would I could tell how to deserue
To be your porter.
For. That may you easily sir *Iohn*: I haue an ear-
Sute to you. But good sir *Iohn* when I haue (nest
Told you my griefe, cast one eie of your owne
Estate, since your selfe knew what tis to be
Such an offender.
Fal. Verie well sir, proceed.
For. Sir I am deeply in loue with one *Fords* wife
Of this Towne. Now sir *Iohn* you are a gentleman
Of good discoursing, well beloued among Ladies,
A man of such parts that might win 20. such as she.
Fal. O good sir. (loue
For. Nay beleeue it sir *Iohn*, for tis time. Now my
Is so grounded vpon her, that without her loue
I shall hardly liue.
Fal. Haue you importuned her by any means?
Ford. No neuer Sir.

Fal. Of

Fal. Of what qualitie is your loue then?
Ford. Ifaith sir, like a faire house set vpon
Another mans foundation. (me?
Fal. And to what end haue you vnfolded this to
For. O sir, when I haue told you that, I told you
For she sir stands so pure in the firme state (all:
Of her honestie, that she is too bright to be looked
Against: Now could I come against her
With some detectiõ, I should sooner perswade her
From her marriage vow, and a hundred such nice
Tearmes that sheele stand vpon.
Fal. Why would it apply well to the veruensie
of your affection, (ioy?
That another should possesse what you would en-
Meethinks you prescribe verie propostrously
To your selfe.
For. No sir, for by that meanes should I be cer-
taine of that which I now misdoubt.
Fal. Well M. *Brooke*, Ile first make bold with your
Next, giue me your hand. Lastly, you shall (mony,
And you will, enioy *Fords* wife.
For. O good sir.
Fal. M. *Brooke*, I say you shall.
Ford. Want no mony Syr *Iohn*, you shall want
Fal. Want no Misteris *Ford* M. *Brooke*, (none.
You shall want none. Euen as you came to me,
Her spokes mate, her go between parted from me:
I may tell you M. *Brooke*, I am to meet her
Between 8. and 9. for at that time the Iealous
Cuckally knaue her husband wil be from home,
Come to me soone at night, you shall know how
I speed M. *Brooke*.

Ford.

Ford. Sir do you know *Ford?* (him not,
Fal. Hang him poore cuckally knaue, I know
And yet I wrong him to call him poore. For they
Say the cuckally knaue hath legions of angels,
For the which his wife seemes to me well fauored,
And Ile vse her as the key of the cuckally knaues
Coffer, and there's my randeuowes.
Ford. Meethinkes sir it were very good that you
Ford, that you might shun him. (knew
Fal. Hang him cuckally knaue, Ile stare him
Out of his wits, Ile keepe him in awe
With this my cudgell: It shall hang like a meator
Ore the wittolly knaues head, M. *Brooke* thou shalt
See I will predominate ore the peasant,
And thou shalt lie with his wife. M. *Brooke*
Thou shalt know him for knaue and cuckold,
Come to me soone at night.

Exit Falstaffe.

Ford. What a damned epicurian is this?
My wife hath sent for him, the plot is laid:
Page is an Asse, a foole. A secure Asse,
Ile sooner trust an Irishman with my
Aquauita bottle, Sir *Hu* our parson with my cheese,
A theefe to walk my ambling gelding, thẽ my wife
With her selfe: then she plots, then she ruminates,
And what she thinkes in her hart she may effect,
Sheele breake her hart but she will effect it.
God be praised, God be praised for my iealousie:
Well Ile goe preuent him, the time drawes on,
Better an houre too soone, then a minit too late,
Gods my life cuckold, cuckold.

Exit Ford.

Enter the Doctor and his man.

Doc. *Iohn Rugbie* goe looke met your eies ore de
And spie and you can see de parson. (stall,
Rug. Sir I cannot tell whether he be there or no,
But I see a great many comming.
Doc. Bully moy, mon rapier *Iohn Rugabie*, begar
Hearing be not so dead as I shall make him. de
Enter Shallow, Page, my Host, and Slender.
Pa. God saue you M. Doctor *Cayus*.
Shal. How do you M. Doctor? (thee,
Host. God blesse thee my bully doctor, God blesse
Doc. Vat be all you, Van to tree com for, a?
Host. Bully to see thee fight, to see thee foine, to
see thee trauerse, to see thee here, to see thee there,
to see thee passe the punto. The stock, the reuerse,
the distance: the montnce is a dead my francoyes?
Is a dead my Ethiopian? Ha what ses my gallon?
my escuolapis? Is a dead bullies taile, is a dead?
Doc. Begar de preest be a coward Iack knaue,
He dare not shew his face.
Host. Thou art a castallian king vrinall.
Hector of *Greece* my boy.
Shal. He hath showne himselfe the wiser man
M. Doctor:
Sir *Hugh* is a Parson, and you a Phisition. You must
Goe with me M. Doctor.
Host. Pardon bully Iustice. A word monsire
Doc. Mockwater, vat me dat? (mockwater.
Host. That is in our English tongue, Vallor bully,
vallor.

Doc.

Doc. Begar den I haue as mockuater as de Inglisn
Iack dog, knaue.
Host. He will claperclaw thee titely bully.
Doc. Claperclawe, vat be dat?
Host. That is, he will make thee amends.
Doc. Begar I do looke he shal claperclaw me dē,
And Ile prouoke him to do it, or let him wag:
And moreouer bully, but M. *Page* and M. *Shallow*,
And eke cauellira *Slender*, go you all ouer the fields
to Frogmore?
Pa. Sir *Hugh* is there, is hee?
Host. He is there: goe see what humor hee is in,
Ile bring the Doctor about by the fields:
Will it do well?
Shal. We wil do it my host. Farwel M. Doctor.
Exit all but the Host and Doctor.
Doc. Begar I will kill de cowardly Iack preest,
He is make a foole of moy.
Host. Let him die, but first sheth your impatience,
Throw cold water on your collor, com go with me
Through the fields to *Frogmore*, and Ile bring thee
Where mistris *An Page* is a feasting at a farm house,
And thou shalt wear hir cried game: sed *I* wel bully
Doc. Begar excellent vel: and if you speak pour
moy, I shall procure you de gesse of all de gentelmē
mon patinces. I begar *I* fall.
Host. For the which Ile be thy aduersary
To misteris *An Page*: Sed *I* well?
Doc. I begar excellent.
Host. Let vs wag then.
Doc. Alon, alon, alon.
Exit omnes.

Enter Syr Hugh and Simple.

Sir Hu. I pray you do so much as see if you can (espie
Doctor *Cayus* comming, and giue me intelligence,
Or bring me vrde if you please now.

Sim. I will Sir.

Sir Hu. Ieshu ples mee, how my hart trobes, and (trobes,
And then she made him bedes of Roses,
And a thousand fragrant poses,
To shallow riueres. Now so kad vdge me, my hart
Swelles more and more. Mee thinkes *I* can cry
Verie well. There dwelt a man in *Babylon*,
To shallow riuers and to falles,
Melodious birds sing Madrigalles.

Sim. Sir here is M. *Page*, and M. *Shallow*, (sword,
Comming hither as fast as they can.

Sir Hu. Then it is verie necessary *I* put vp my
Pray giue me my cowne too, marke you.

Enter Page, shallow, and Slender.

Pa. God saue you Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. God saue you M. parson. (now.

Sir Hu. God plesse you all from his mercies sake

Pa. What the word and the sword, doth that agree well?

Sir Hu. There is reasons and causes in all things, *I* warrant you now.

Pa. Well Sir *Hugh*, we are come to craue
Your helpe and furtherance in a matter.

Sir Hu. What is *I* pray you?

Pa. *I* faith tis this sir *Hugh*. There is an auncient friend of ours, a man of verie good sort, so at oddes with

with one patience, that *I* am sure you would hartily grieue to see him. Now Sir *Hugh*, you are a scholler well red, and verie perswasiue, we would intreate you to see if you could intreat him to patience.

Sir Hu. *I* pray you who is it? Let vs know that.

Pa. I am shure you know him, tis Doctor *Cayus*.

Sir Hu. *I* had as leeue you should tel me of a messe
He is an arant lowsie beggerly knaue: (of poredge,
And he is a coward beside.

Pa. Why Ile laie my life tis the man
That he should fight withall.

Enter Doctor and the Host, they offer to fight.

Shal. Keep them asunder, take away their weapons.

Host. Disarme, let them question. (pons.

Shal. Let them keep their limbs hole, and hack our English.

Doc. Hark van vrd in your eare. You be vn daga
And de *I*ack, coward preest.

Sir Hu. Harke you, let vs not be laughing stockes to other mens humors. By Ieshu *I* will knock your vrinalls about your knaues cockcomes, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Doc. O Ieshu mine host of de garter, *Iohn Rogoby*,
Haue *I* not met him at de place he make a point,
Haue I not?

Sir Hu. So kad vdge me, this is the pointment
Witnes by my Host of the garter. (place,

Host. Peace I say gawle and gawlia, French and
Soule curer, and bodie curer. (Welch,

Doc. This is verie braue, excellent.

Host. Peace *I* say, heare mine host of the garter,

Am I wise? am I polliticke? am I Matchauil?
Shall I lose my doctor? No, he giues me the motiõs
And the potions. Shall I lose my parson, my sir *Hu?*
No, he giues me the prouerbes, and the nouerbes:
Giue me thy hand terestiall,
So giue me thy hand celestiall:
So boyes of art I haue deceiued you both,
I haue directed you to wrong places,
Your hearts are mightie, you skins are whole,
Bardolfe laie their swords to pawne. Follow me lads
Of peace, follow me. Ha, ra, la. Follow. *Exit Host.*

Shal. Afore God a mad host, come let vs goe.

Doc. I begar haue you mocka may thus?
I will be euen met you my Iack Host.

Sir Hu. Giue me your hand Doctor *Cayus*,
We be all friends:
But for mine hosts fooliſh knauery, let me alone.

Doc. I dat be vell begar I be friends. *(Exit omnes*

Enter M. Foord.

For. The time drawes on he ſhuld come to my
Well wife, you had beſt worke cloſely, (houſe,
Or I am like to goe beyond your cunning:
I now wil ſeek my gueſſe that comes to dinner,
And in good time ſee where they all are come.

Enter Shallow, Page, hoſt, Slender, Doctor, and ſir Hugh.

By my faith a knot well met: your welcome all.

Pa. I thanke you good M. *Ford.*

For. Welcome good M. *Page*,
I would your daughter were here.

Pa. I thank you ſir, ſhe is very well at home.

Slen. Father *Page* I hope I haue your conſent
For Miſteris *Anne?* *Pa.*

Pa. You haue ſonne *Slender*, but my wife here,
Is altogether for maiſter Doctor.

Doc. Begar I tanck her hartily:

Hoſt. But what ſay you to yong Maiſter *Fenton?*
He capers, he daunces, he writes verſes, he ſmelles
All April and May: he wil cary it, he wil carit,
Tis in his betmes he wil carite.

Pa. My hoſt not with my cõſent: the gentleman is
Wilde, he knowes too much: If he take her,
Let him take her ſimply: for my goods goes
With my liking, and my liking goes not that way.

For. Well I pray go home with me to dinner:
Beſides your cheare Ile ſhew you wonders: Ile
Shew you a monſter. You ſhall go with me
M. *Page*, and ſo ſhall you ſir *Hugh*, and you Maiſter (two:
Doctor.

S *Hu* If there be one in the company, I ſhal make

Doc. And dere be ven to, I ſall make de tird:

Sir Hu, In your teeth for ſhame, (fairer

Shal: wel, wel, God be with you, we ſhall haue the
Wooing at Maiſter *Pages:*

Exit Shallow and Slender,

Hoſt Ile to my honeſt knight ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe*,
And drinke Canary with him. *Exit hoſt.*

Ford. I may chance to make him drinke in pipe
Firſt come gentlemen. *Exit omnes.* (wine,

Enter Miſtreſſe Ford, with two of her men, and a great buck busket.

Miſ. For. Sirrha, if your M. aske you whither
You carry this basket, ſay to the Launderers,
I hope you know how to beſtow it?

Ser. I warrant you miſteris. *Exit ſeruant.*

Miſ. Ford

Mis. For. Go get you in. Well sir *Iohn*,
I beleeue I shall serue you such a trick,
You shall haue little mind to come againe.

Enter Sir Iohn.

Fal. Haue I caught my heauenlie Iewel?
Why now let me die. *I* haue liued long inough,
This is the happie houre *I* haue desired to see,
Now shall I sin in my wish,
I would thy husband were dead.

Mis. For. Why how then sir *Iohn*?

Fal. By the Lord, Ide make thee my Ladie.

Mis. For. Alas sir *Iohn*, *I* should be a verie simple Ladie.

Fal. Goe too, I see how thy eie doth emulate the Diamond.
And how the arched bent of thy brow
Would become the ship tire, the tire vellet,
Or anie Venetian attire, I see it. (better.

Mis. For. A plaine kercher sir *Iohn*, would fit me

Fal. By the Lord thou art a traitor to saie so:
What made me loue thee? Let that perswade thee
Ther's somewhat extraordinarie in thee: Goe too
I loue thee:
Mistris *Ford*, *I* cannot cog, *I* cannot prate, like one
Of these fellowes that smels like Bucklers-berie,
In simple time, but *I* loue thee,
And none but thee.

Mis. For. Sir *Iohn*, I am afraid you loue misteris

Fal. I thou mightest as well saie (*Page*.
I loue to walke by the Counter gate,
VVhich is as hatefull to me
As the reake of a lime kill.

Enter

Enter Mistresse Page.

Mis. Pa. Mistresse *Ford*, Mis. *Ford*, where are you?

Mis. For. O Lord step aside good sir *Iohn*.

Falstaffe stands behind the aras.

How now Misteris *Page* whats the matter?

Mis. Pa. Why your husband woman is cõming,
With halfe *Windsor* at his heeles,
To looke for a gentleman that he ses
Is hid in his house: his wifes sweet hart.

Mis. For. Speak louder. But *I* hope tis not true Misteris *Page*.

Mis. Pa. Tis too true woman. Therefore if you Haue any here, away with him, or your vndone for euer.

Mis. For. Alas mistresse *Page*, what shall *I* do?
Here is a gentleman my friend, how shall I do?

Mis. Pa. Gode body woman, do not stand what shal I do, and what shall *I* do. Better any shift, rather then you shamed. Looke heere, here's a buck-basket, if hee be a man of any reasonable sise, heele in here.

Mis. For. Alas I feare he is too big.

Fal. Let me see, let me see, Ile in, Ile in,
Follow your friends counsell. (*A side*.

Mis. Pa. Fie sir *Iohn* is this your loue? Go too.

Fal. I loue thee, and none but thee:
Helpe me to conuey me hence,
Ile neuer come here more.

Sir Iohn goes into the basket, they put cloathes ouer him, the two men carries it away: Foord meetes it, and all the reſt, Page, Doctor, Prieſt, Slender, Shallow.

Ford. Come pray along, you ſhall ſee all.
How now who goes heare? whither goes this?
Whither goes it? ſet it downe.

Miſ. For. Now let it go, you had beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

Ford. Buck, good buck, pray come along,
Maiſter *Page* take my keyes: helpe to ſearch. Good
Sir *Hugh* pray come along, helpe a little, a little,
Ile ſhew you all.

Sir Hu. By Ieſhu theſe are iealoſies & diſtemperes.

Exit omnes.

Miſ. Pa. He is in a pittifull taking.

Miſ. I wonder what he thought
Whē my husband bad them ſet downe the basket.

Miſ. Pa. Hang him diſhoneſt ſlaue, we cannot vſe
Him bad inough. This is excellent for your
Husbands iealouſie.

Mi. For. Alas poore ſoule it grieues me at the hart,
But this will be a meanes to make him ceaſe
His iealous fits, if *Falſtaffes* loue inercaſe.

Miſ. Pa. Nay we wil ſend to *Falſtaffe* once again,
Tis great pittie we ſhould leaue him:
What wiues may be merry, and yet honeſt too.

Mi. For. Shall we be cōdemnd becauſe we laugh?
Tis old, but true: ſtill ſowes eate all the draffe.

Enter all.

Miſ. Pa. Here comes your husband, ſtand aſide.

For. I can find no body within, it may be he lied.

Miſ. Pa. Did you heare that? *Miſ. For.*

Miſ. For. I, I, peace.

For. Well Ile not let it go ſo, yet Ile trie further.

S. *Hu.* By Ieſhu if there be any body in the kitchin
Or the cuberts, or the preſſe, or the buttery,
I am an arrant Iew: Now God pleſſe me:
You ſerue me well, do you not?

Pa. Fie M. *Ford* you are too blame:

Miſ. Pa. Ifaith tis not well M. *Ford* to ſuſpect
Her thus without cauſe.

Doc. No by my trot it be no vell:

For. Wel I pray bear with me, M. *Page* pardō me.
I ſuffer for it, *I* ſuffer for it: (now:

Sir Hu: You ſuffer for a bad conſcience looke you

Ford: Well *I* pray no more, another time *I*le tell you all:
The mean time go dine with me, pardō me wife,
I am ſorie. M. *Page* pray goe in to dinner,
Another time *I*le tell you all.

Pa: Well let it be ſo, and to morrow I inuite you all
To my houſe to dinner: and in the morning weele
A birding, *I* haue an excellent Hauke for the buſh.

Ford: Let it be ſo: Come M. *Page*, come wife:
I pray you come in all, your welcome, pray come

Sir Hu: By ſo kad vdgme, M. *Fordes* is (in.
Not in his right wittes:

Exit omnes:

Enter Sir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Fal: *Bardolfe* brew me a pottle ſack preſently:

Bar: With Egges ſir?

Fal: Simply of it ſelfe, *I*le none of theſe pullets
In my drinke: goe make haſte. (ſperme
Haue *I* liued to be carried in a basket

and throwne into the Thames like a barow of Butchers offoll. Well, and I be serued such another tricke, Ile giue them leaue to take out my braines and butter them, and giue them to a dog for a new-yeares gift. Sblood, the rogues slided me in with as little remorse as if they had gone to drowne a blind bitches puppies in the litter: and they might know by my size I haue a kind of alacritie in sinking: and the bottom had bin as deep as hell I should downe. I had bene drowned, but that the shore was shelue and somewhat shallowe: a death that I abhorre. For you know the water swelles a man: and what a thing should I haue bene whē I had bene swelled? By the Lord a mountaine of money. Now is the Sacke brewed?

Bar. I sir, there's a woman below would speake with you.

Fal. Bid her come vp. Let me put some Sacke among this cold water, for my belly is as cold as if I had swallowed snow-balles for pilles.

Enter Mistresse Quickly.

Now whats the newes with you?

Quic. I come from misteris *Ford* forsooth.

Fal. Misteris *Ford*, I haue had Ford inough, I haue bene throwne into the Ford, my belly is full Of Ford: she hath tickled mee.

Quic. O Lord sir, she is the sorrowfullest woman that her seruants mistooke, that euer liued. And sir, she would desire you of all loues you will meet her once againe, to morrow sir, betweene ten and eleuen, and she hopes to make amends for all.

Fal. Ten, and eleuen, saiest thou?

Quic. I

Quic. I forsooth.

Fal. Well, tell her Ile meet her. Let her but think
Of mans frailtie: Let her iudge what man is,
And then thinke of me. And so farwell.

Quic Youle not faile sir?

Exit mistresse Quickly.

Fal. I will not faile. Commend me to her.
I wonder I heare not of M. *Brooke*, I like his
Mony well. By the masse here he is.

Enter Brooke.

For. God saue you sir.

Fal. Welcome good M. *Brooke*. You come to know how matters goes.

Ford. Thats my comming indeed sir *Iohn*.

Fal. M. *Brooke* I will not lie to you sir,
I was there at my appointed time.

For. And how sped you sir?

Fal. Verie ill sauouredly sir.

For. Why sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No M. *Brooke*, but you shall heare. After we had kissed and imbraced, and as it were euen amid the prologue of our incounter, who should come, but the iealous knaue her husband, and a rabble of his companions at his heeles, thither prouoked and instigated by his distemper. And what to do thinke you? to search for his wiues loue. Euen so, plainly so.

For. While ye were there?

Fal. Whilst I was there.

For. And did he search and could not find you?

Fal. You shall heare sir, as God would haue it,
A litle before comes me one *Pages* wife,

Giues her intelligence of her husbands
Approach: and by her inuention, and *Fords* wiues
Distraction, conueyd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck basket!

Fal. By the Lord a buck-basket, rammed me in
With foule shirts, stokins, greasie napkins,
That M. *Brooke*, there was a compound of the most
Villanous smel, that euer offended nostrill.
Ile tell you M. *Brooke*, by the Lord for your sake
I suffered three egregious deaths: First to be
Crammed like a good bilbo, in the circomference
Of a pack, Hilt to point, heele to head: and then to
Be stewed in my owne grease like a Dutch dish:
A man of my kidney; by the Lord it was maruell I
Escaped suffication; and in the heat of all this,
To be throwne into Thames like a horshoo hot:
Maister *Brooke*, thinke of that hissing heate, Maister
Brooke.

Ford. Well sir then my shute is void?
Youle vndertake it no more?

Fal. M. *Brooke*, *Ile* be throwne into Etna
As *I* haue bene in the Thames,
Ere I thus leaue her: *I* haue receiued
Another appointment of meeting,
Between ten and eleuen is the houre.

Ford: Why sir, tis almost ten alreadie:

Fal: Is it? why then will *I* addresse my selfe
For my appointment: M. *Brooke* come to me soone
At night, and you shall know how *I* speed,
And the end shall be, you shall enioy her loue:
You shall cuckold *Foord*: Come to mee soone at
at night. *Exit Falstaffe.*

Ford

For. *Is* this a dreame? *Is* it a vision?
Maister *Ford*, maister *Ford*, awake maister *Ford*,
There is a hole made in your best coat M. *Ford*,
And a man shall not only endure this wrong,
But shall stand vnder the taunt of names,
Lucifer is a good name, *Barbason* good: good
Diuels names: But cuckold, wittold, godeso
The diuel himselfe hath not such a name:
And they may hang hats here, and napkins here
Vpon my hornes: Well *Ile* home, *I* feri't him,
And vnlesse the diuel himselfe should aide him,
Ile search vnpossible places: *Ile* about it,
Least I repent too late:

Exit omnes.

Enter M. *Fenton*, *Page*, *and mistresse Quickly.*

Fen: Tell me sweet *Nan*, how doest thou yet resolue,
Shall fooliish *Slender* haue thee to his wife?
Or one as wise as he, the learned Doctor?
Shall such as they enioy thy maiden hart?
Thou knowst that *I* haue alwaies loued thee deare,
And thou hast oft times swore the like to me.

An: Good M. *Fenton*, you may assure your selfe
My hart is setled vpon none but you,
Tis as my father and mother please:
Get their consent, you quickly shall haue mine.

Fen: Thy father thinks I loue thee for his wealth,
Tho I must needs confesse at first that drew me,
But since thy vertues wiped that trash away,
I loue thee *Nan*, and so deare is it set,
That whilst I liue, I nere shall thee forget.

Quic: Godes

Godes pitie here comes her father.

Enter M. Page his wife, M. Shallow, and Slender.

Pa. M. *Fenton* I pray what make you here?
You know my answere sir, shees not for you:
Knowing my vow, to blame to vse me thus.

Fen. But heare me speake sir.

Pa. Pray sir get you gon: Come hither daughter,
Sonne *Slender* let me speak with you. (*they whisper.*

Quic. Speake to Misteris *Page*.

Fen. Pray misteris *Page* let me haue your cõsent.

Mis. Pa. Ifaith M. *Fentõ* tis as my husband please.
For my part Ile neither hinder you, nor further

Quic. How say you this was my doings? (you.
I bid you speake to misteris *Page*.

Fen. Here nurse, theres a brace of angels to drink,
Worke what thou canst for me, farwell. (*Exit Fen.*

Quic. By my troth so I will, good hart. (*Slẽder*

Pa. Come wife, you an *I* will in, weele leaue M.
And my daughter to talke together. M. *Shallow*,
You may stay sir if you please.

Exit Page and his wife.

Shal. Mary *I* thanke you for that:
To her cousin, to her.

Slen. Ifaith *I* know not what to say.

An. Now M. *Slender*, whats your will? (*An,*

Slen. Godeso theres a *Ieste* indeed: why misteris
I neuer made wil yet: *I* thãk God I am wise inough

Shal. Fie cusse fie, thou art not right, (for that.
O thou hadst a father.

Slen. I had a father misteris *Anne*, good vncle
Tell the Ieste how my father stole the goose out of
The henloft. All this is nought, harke you mistresse
Anne.

Shal.

Shal. He will make you ioynter of three hundred pound a yeare, he shall make you a Gentlewoman.

Slend. I be God that I vill, come cut and long taile, as good as any is in *Glostershire*, vnder the degree of a Squire.

An. O God how many grosse faults are hid,
And couered in three hundred pound a yeare?
Well M. *Slender*, within a day or two Ile tell you more.

Slend. I thanke you good misteris *Anne*, vncle I shall haue her.

Quic. M. *Shallow*, M. *Page* would pray you to come you, and you M. *Slender*, and you mistris *An.*

Slend. Well Nurse, if youle speake for me,
Ile giue you more then Ile talke of.

Exit omnes but Quickly.

Quic. Indeed I will, Ile speake what I can for you,
But specially for M. *Fenton*:
But specially of all for my Maister.
And indeed I will do what I can for them all three.

Exit.

Enter misteris Ford and her two men.

Mis. For. Do you heare? when your M. comes take vp this basket as you did before, and if your M. bid you set it downe, obey him.

Ser. I will forsooth.

Enter Syr Iohn.

Mis. For. Syr *Iohn* welcome.

Fal. What are you sure of your husband now?

Mis. For. He is gone a birding sir *Iohn*, and I hope will not come home yet.

Enter mistresse Page.

Gods body here is misteris *Page*,
Step behind the arras good sir *Iohn*.

He steps behind the arras.

Mis.Pa. Misteris *Ford*, why woman your husband is in his old vaine againe, hees comming to search for your sweet heart, but I am glad he is not here.

Mis.For. O God misteris *Page* the knight is here, What shall I do?

Mis.Pa. Why then you'r vndone woman, vnles you make some meanes to shift him away.

Mis.For. Alas I know no meanes, vnlesse we put him in the basket againe.

Fal. No Ile come no more in the basket, Ile creep vp into the chimney. (ling peeces.

Mis.*For.* There they vse to discharge their Fow-

Fal. Why then Ile goe out of doores.

Mi.Pa. Then your vndone, your but a dead man.

Fal. For Gods sake deuise any extremitie, Rather then a mischiefe.

Mis.Pa. Alas I know not what meanes to make, If there were any womans apparell would fit him, He might put on a gowne and a mufler, And so escape.

Mi.For. Thats wel remembred, my maids Aunt *Gillian* of *Brainford*, hath a gowne aboue.

Mis.Pa. And she is altogether as fat as he.

Mis.For. I that will serue him of my word.

Mis.Pa. Come goe with me sir *Iohn*, Ile helpe to dresse you.

Fal. Come for God sake, any thing.

Exit Mis. Page, & Sir Iohn.

Enter

Enter M.Ford, Page, Priest, Shallow, the two men carries the basket, and Ford meets it.

For. Come along *I* pray, you shal know the cause, How now whither goe you? Ha whither go you? Set downe the basket you slaue,
You panderly rogue set it downe. (thus?

Mis.For. What is the reason that you vse me

For. Come hither set downe the basket,
Misteris F*ord* the modest woman,
Misteris F*ord* the vertuous woman,
She that hath the iealous foole to her husband,
I mistrust you without cause do I not?

Mis.For. I Gods my record do you. And if you mistrust me in any ill sort.

Ford. Well sed brazen face, hold it out,
You youth in a basket, come out here,
Pull out the cloathes, search. (cloathes?

Hu. Iesu plesse me, will you pull vp your wiues

Pa. Fie M. *Ford* you are not to go abroad if you be in these fits.

SirHu. By so kad vdge me, tis verie necessarie He were put in pethlem.

For. M. P*age*, as *I* am an honest man M.P*age*, There was one conueyd out of my house here yesterday out of this basket, why may he not be here now?

Mi.For. Come mistris P*age*, bring the old woma

For. Old woman, what old woman? (downe.

Mi.For. Why my maidens Aut, *Gillis* of *Brainford*.
A witch, haue I not forewarned her my house,
Alas we are simple we, we know not what

Is brought to passe vnder the colour of fortune.
Telling. Come downe you witch, come downe.

Enter Falstaffe disguised like an old woman, and misteris Page with him, Ford beates him, and hee runnes away.

Away you witch get you gone. (indeed,
Sir Hu. By Ieshu I verily thinke she is a witch
I espied vnder her musler a great beard.
Ford. Pray come helpe me to search, pray now.
Pa. Come weele go for his minds sake.
Exit omnes.
Mi.For. By my troth he beat him most extreamly.
Mi.Pa. I am glad of it, what shall we proceed any further?
Mi.For. No faith, now if you will let vs tell our husbands of it. For mine I am sure hath almost fretted himselfe to death.
Mi. Pa. Content, come weele goe tell them all,
And as they agree, so will we proceed. *Exit both.*

Enter Host and Bardolfe.

Bar. Syr heere be three Gentlemen come from the Duke the Stanger sir, would haue your horse.
Host. The Duke, what Duke? let me speake with the Gentlemen, do they speake English?
Bar. Ile call them to you sir.
Host. No *Bardolfe*, let them alone, Ile sauce them:
They haue had my house a weeke at command,
I haue turned away my other guesse,
They shall haue my horses *Bardolfe*,
They must come off, Ile sawce them. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Ford, Page, their wiues, Shallow, and Slender. Syr Hu.

Ford.

Ford. Well wife, heere take my hand, vpon my soule I loue thee dearer then I do my life, and ioy I hnue so true and constant wife, my iealousie shall neuer more offend thee.
Mi. For. Sir I am glad, & that which I haue done,
Was nothing elsé but mirth and modestie.
Pa. I misteris F*ord*, *Falstaffe* hath all the griefe,
And in this knauerie my wife was the chiefe.
Mi.Pa. No knauery husband, it was honest mirth.
Hu. Indeed it was good pastimes & merriments.
Mis. For. But sweete heart shall wee leaue olde F*alstaffe* so?
Mis.Pa. O by no meanes, send to him againe.
Pa. I do not thinke heele come being so much deceiued.
For. Let me alone, Ile to him once againe like *Brooke*, and know his mind whether heele come or not. (come.
Pa. There must be some plot laide, or heele not
Mis.Pa. Let vs alone for that. Heare my deuice.
Oft haue you heard since *Horne* the hunter dyed,
That women to affright their litle children,
Ses that he walkes in shape of a great stagge.
Now for that F*alstaffe* hath bene so deceiued,
As that he dares not venture to the house,
Weele send him word to meet vs in the field,
Disguised like *Horne*, with huge horns on his head,
The houre shalbe iust betweene twelue and one,
And at that time we will meet him both:
Then would I haue you present there at hand,
With litle boyes disguised and dressed like Fayries,
For to affright fat F*alstaffe* in the woods.

And then to make a period to the Ieſt,
Tell *Falſtaffe* all, I thinke this will do beſt.
Pa. Tis excellent, and my daughter *Anne*,
Shall like a litle Fayrie be diſguiſed.
Miſ.Pa. And in that Maske Ile make the Doctor
ſteale my daughter *An*, & ere my husband knowes
it, to carrie her to Church, and marrie her. (boyes:
Miſ.For. But who will buy the ſilkes to tyre the
Pa. That will *I* do, and in a robe of white
Ile cloath my daughter, and aduertiſe *Stender*
To know her by that ſigne, and ſteale her thence,
And vnknowne to my wife, ſhall marrie her.
Hu. So kad vdge me the deuiſes is excellent.
I will alſo be there, and be like a *I*ackanapes,
And pinch him moſt cruelly for his lecheries.
Miſ.Pa. Why then we are reuenged ſufficiently.
Firſt he was carried and throwne in the Thames,
Next beaten well, *I* am ſure youle witnes that.
Mi.For. Ile lay my life this makes him nothing fat.
Pa. Well lets about this ſtratagem, I long
To ſee deceit deceiued, and wrong haue wrong.
For, Well ſend to *Falſtaffe*, and if he come thither,
Twill make vs ſmile and laugh one moneth togi-
ther. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Hoſt and Simple. (skin?

Hoſt. What would thou haue boore, what thick-
Speake, breath, diſcus, ſhort, quick, briefe, ſnap.
Sim. Sir, I am ſent frō my M. to ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe!*
Hoſt. Sir *Iohn*, theres his Caſtle, his ſtanding bed,
his trundle bed, his chamber is painted about with
the ſtory of the prodigall, freſh and new, go knock,
heele ſpeak like an Antripophiginian to thee:
Knocke

Knock *I* ſay.
Sim. Sir I ſhould ſpeak with an old woman that
went vp into his chamber.
Hoſt. An old woman, the knight may be robbed,
Ile call bully knight, bully ſir *Iohn*. Speake from thy
Lungs military: it is thine hoſt, thy Epheſian calls.
Fal. Now mine Hoſt.
Hoſt: Here is a Bohemian tarter bully, tarries the
comming downe of the fat woman: Let her deſcēd
bully, let her deſcend, my chambers are honorable,
pah priuaſie, fie.
Fal. Indeed mine hoſt there was a fat woman with
But ſhe is gone. (me,

Enter Sir Iohn.

Sim. Pray ſir was it not the wiſe woman of *Brain-*
ford?
Fal. Marry was it Muſſelſhell, what would you?
Sim. Marry ſir my maiſter *Slender* ſent me to her,
To know whether one *Nim* that hath his chaine,
Couſoned him of it, or no.
Fal. I talked with the woman about it.
Sim. And I pray ſir what ſes ſhe?
Fal. Marry ſhe ſes the very ſame man that
Beguiled maiſter *Slender* of his chaine,
Couſoned him of it.
Sim. May I be bolde to tell my maiſter ſo ſir?
Fal. *I* tike, who more bolde.
Sim. *I* thanke you ſir, I ſhall make my maiſter a
glad man at theſe tydings, God be with you ſir.
Hoſt. Thou art clarkly ſir *Iohn*, thou art clarkly,
Was there a wiſe woman with thee?
Fal. Marry was there mine hoſt, one that taught
Me

Me more wit then I learned this 7. yeare,
And I paid nothing for it,
But was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. O Lord sir couſonage, plaine couſonage.

Hoſt. Why man, where be my horſes? where be the Germanes?

Bar. Rid away with your horſes:
After I came beyond Maidenhead,
They ſlung me in a ſlow of myre, & away they ran.

Enter Doctor.

Doc. Where be my Hoſt de gartyre?

Hoſt. O here ſir in perplexitie.

Doc. I cannot tell vad be dad,
But begar I will tell you van ting,
Dear be a Garmaine Duke come to de Court,
Has coſened all de hoſt of *Branford*,
And *Redding*: begar I tell you for good will,
Ha, ha, mine Hoſt, am I euen met you? *Exit.*

Enter Sir *Hugh.*

Sir Hu. Where is mine Hoſt of the gartyr?
Now my Hoſt, I would deſire you looke you now,
To haue a care of your entertainments,
For there is three ſorts of coſen garmombles,
Is coſen all the Hoſt of Maidenhead & Readings,
Now you are an honeſt man, and a ſcuruy beggerly lowſie knaue beſide:
And can point wrong places,
I tell you for good will, grate why mine Hoſt. *Exit.*

Hoſt. *I* am coſened *Hugh*, and coy *Bardolfe*,
Sweet knight aſſiſt me, *I* am coſened. *Exit.*

Fal. Would all the worell were coſened for me,
For

For I am couſoned and beaten too.
Well, *I* neuer proſpered ſince I forſwore
My ſelfe at *Primero*: and my winde
Were but long inough to ſay my prayers,
Ide repent, now from whence come you?

Enter Miſtreſſe *Quickly.*

Quic. From the two parties forſooth.

Fal. The diuell take the one partie,
And his dam the other,
And theyle be both beſtowed.
I haue endured more for their ſakes,
Then man is able to endure.

Quic. O Lord ſir, they are the ſorowfulſt creatures
That euer liued: ſpecially miſtreſſe *Ford*,
Her husband hath beaten her that ſhe is all
Blacke and blew poore ſoule.

Fal. What telleſt me of blacke and blew,
I haue bene beaten all the colours in the Rainbow,
And in my eſcape like to a bene apprehended
For a witch of *Brainford*, and ſet in the ſtockes.

Quic. Well ſir, ſhe is a ſorrowfull woman,
And I hope when you heare my errant,
Youle be perſwaded to the contrarie.

Fal. Come goe with me into my chamber, Ile heare thee. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Hoſt and Fenton.

Hoſt. Speake not to me ſir, my mind is heauie,
I haue had a great loſſe.

Fen. Yet heare me, and as I am a gentleman,
Ile giue you a hundred pound toward your loſſe.

Hoſt. Well ſir Ile heare you, and at leaſt keep your counſell.

Fen. Thē thus my hoſt. Tis not vnknown to you,

The feruent loue *I* beare to young *Anne Page*,
And mutally her loue againe to mee:
But her father ſtill againſt her choiſe,
Doth ſeeke to marrie her to fooliſh *Slender*,
And in a robe of white this night diſguiſed,
Wherein fat *Falſtaffe* had a mightie ſcare,
Muſt *Slender* take her and carrie her to *Catlen*,
And there vnknowne to any, marrie her.
Now her mother ſtill againſt that match,
And firme for Doctor *Cayus*, in a robe of red
By her deuice, the Doctor muſt ſteale her thence,
And ſhe hath giuen conſent to goe with him.

Hoſt. Now which means ſhe to deceiue, father or mother?

Fen. Both my good Hoſt, to go along with me.
Now here it reſts, that you would procure a prieſt,
And tarrie readie at the appointment place,
To giue our harts vnited matrimonie. (among thē?

Hoſt. But how will you come to ſteale her from

Fen. That hath ſweet *Nan* and I agreed vpon,
And by a robe of white, the which ſhe weares,
With ribones pendant flaring bout her head,
I ſhalbe ſure to know her, and conuey her thence,
And bring her where the prieſt abides our cōming,
And by thy furtherance there be married.

Hoſt. Well, husband your deuice, Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the maide, you ſhall not lacke a Prieſt.

Fen. So ſhall *I* euermore be bound vnto thee.
Beſides Ile alwaies be thy faithfull friend.

Exit omnes.

Enter ſir Iohn with a Bucks head vpon him.

Fal. This is the third time, well *I*le venter,
They ſay there is good luck in old numbers,
Ioue transformed himſelfe into a bull, And

And *I* am here a Stag, and *I* thinke the fatteſt
In all *Windſor* forreſt: well *I* ſtand here
For *Horne* the hunter, waiting my Does comming.

Enter miſtris Page, and miſtris Ford.

Miſ. Pa. Sir *Iohn*, where are you?

Fal. Art thou come my doe? what and thou too?
Welcome Ladies.

Mi. For. I I ſir *Iohn*, *I* ſee you will not faile,
Therefore you deſerue far better then our loues,
But it grieues me for your late croſſes.

Fal. This makes amends for all.
Come diuide me betweene you, each a hanch,
For my horns Ile bequeath thē to your husbands,
Do *I* ſpeake like *Horne* the hunter, ha?

Miſ. Pa. God forgiue me, what noiſe is this?

There is a noiſe of hornes, the two women run away.

Enter ſir Hugh like a Satyre, and boyes dreſt like Fayries, miſtreſſe Quickly, like the Queene of Fayries: they ſing a ſong about him, and afterward ſpeake.

(groues,

Quic: You Fayries that do haunt theſe ſhady
Looke round about the wood if you can eſpie
A mortall that doth haunt our ſacred round:
If ſuch a one you can eſpie, giue him his due,
And leaue not till you pinch him blacke and blew:
Giue them their charge *Puck* ere they part away.

Sir Hu. Come hither *Peane*, go to the countrie houſes,
And when you finde a ſlut that lies a ſleepe,
And all her diſhes foule, and roome vnſwept,
With your long nailes pinch her till ſhe crie,

 And

And ſweare to mend her ſluttiſh huſwiferie.
Fai. I warrant you I will performe your will.
Hu. Where is *Pead?* go you & ſee where Brokers
And Foxe-eyed Seriants with their maſe, (ſleep,
Goe laie the Proctors in the ſtreet,
And pinch the lowſie Seriants face:
Spare none of theſe when they are a bed,
But ſuch whoſe noſe lookes plew and red.
Quic. Away begon, his mind fulfill,
And looke that none of you ſtand ſtill.
Some do that thing, ſome do this,
All do ſomething, none amis.
Hir Hu. I ſmell a man of middle earth.
Fal. God bleſſe me from that wealch Fairie.
Quic. Looke euery one about this round,
And if that any here be found,
For his preſumption in this place,
Spare neither legge, arme, head, nor face.
Sir Hu. See I haue ſpied one by good luck,
His bodie man, his head a buck.
Fal. God ſend me good fortune now, and I care
Quic. Go ſtrait, and do as I commaund, (not.
And take a Taper in your hand,
And ſet it to his fingers endes,
And if you ſee it him offends,
And that he ſtarteth at the flame,
Then is he mortall, know his name:
If with an F. it doth begin,
Why then be ſhure he is full of ſin.
About it then, and know the truth,
Of this ſame metamorphiſed youth.
Sir Hu. Giue me the Tapers, I will try
And if that he loue venery.

They put the Tapers to his fingers, and he ſtarts.
Sir Hu. It is right indeed, he is full of lecheries
and iniquitie.
Quic. A little diſtant from him ſtand,
And euery one take hand in hand,
And compaſſe him within a ring,
Firſt pinch him well, and after ſing.

Here they pinch him, and ſing about him, & the Doctor comes one way & ſteales away a boy in red. And Slender another way he takes a boy in greene: And Fenton ſteales miſteris Anne, being in white. And a noyſe of hunting is made within: and all the Fairies runne away. Falſtaffe pulles of his bucks head, and riſes vp. And enters M. *Page,* M. *Ford, and their wiues,* M. *Shallow, Sir Hugh.*

Fal. Horne the hunter quoth you: am I a ghoſt?
Sblood the Fairies hath made a ghoſt of me:
What hunting at this time at night?
Ile lay my life the mad Prince of *Wales*
Is ſtealing his fathers Deare. How now who haue
we here, what is all *Windſor* ſtirring? Are you there?
Shal. God ſaue you ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe.*
Sir Hu. God pleſſe you ſir *Iohn*, God pleſſe you.
Pa. Why how now ſir *Iohn*, what a pair of horns
in your hand?
Ford. Thoſe hornes he ment to place vpon my
And M. *Brooke* and he ſhould be the men: (head,
Why how now ſir *Iohn*, why are you thus amazed?
We know the Fairies man that pinched you ſo,
Your throwing in the Thames, your beating well,

And whats to come ſir *Iohn*, that can we tell.
Mi.Pa. Sir *Iohn* tis thus, your diſhoneſt meanes
To call our credits into queſtion,
Did make vs vndertake to our beſt,
To turne your leaud luſt to a merry Ieſt.
Fal. Ieſt, tis well, haue I liued to theſe yeares
To be gulled now, now to be ridden?
Why then theſe were not *Fairies?*
Miſ.Pa. No ſir *Iohn* but boyes.
Fal. By the Lord I was twice or thriſe in the mind
They were not, and yet the groſneſſe
Of the fopperie perſwaded me they were.
Well, and the fine wits of the Court heare this,
Thayle ſo whip me with their keene Ieſts,
That thayle melt me out like tallow,
Drop by drop out of my greaſe. Boyes!
Sir Hu. I truſt me boyes Sir *Iohn*: and I was
Alſo a Fairie that did helpe to pinch you.
Fal. I, tis well I am your May-pole,
You haue the ſtart of mee,
Am I ridden too with a wealch goate?
With a peece of toaſted cheeſe?
Sir Hu. Butter is better then cheeſe ſir *Iohn*,
You are all butter, butter.
For. There is a further matter yet ſir *Iohn*,
There's 20. pound you borrowed of M. *Brooke* Sir
And it muſt be paid to M. *Ford* Sir *Iohn*. (*Iohn*,
Mi.For. Nay husband let that go to make amẽds,
Forgiue that ſum, and ſo weele all be friends.
For. Well here is my hand, all's forgiuen at laſt.
Fal. It hath coſt me well,
I haue bene well pinched and waſhed.

Enter

Enter the Doctor.

Mi.Pa. Now M. Doctor, ſonne I hope you are.
Doct. Sonne begar you be de ville voman,
Begar I tinck to marry metres *An*, and begar
Tis a whorſon garſon Iack boy.
Miſ.Pa. How a boy?
Doct. I begar a boy.
Pa. Nay be not angry wife, *Ile* tell thee true,
It was my plot to deceiue thee ſo:
And by this time your daughter's married
To M. *Slender*, and ſee where he comes.

Enter Slender.

Now ſonne *Slender*,
Where's your bride?
Slen. Bride, by Gods lyd *I* thinke theres neuer a man in the worell hath that croſſe fortune that *I* haue: begod I could cry for verie anger.
Pa. Why whats the matter ſonne *Slender?*
Slen. Sonne, nay by God *I* am none of your ſon.
Pa. No, why ſo? (married.
Slen. Why ſo God ſaue me, tis a boy that I haue
Pa. How a boy? why did you miſtake the word?
Slen. No neither, for *I* came to her in red as you bad me, and *I* cried mum, and hee cried budget, ſo well as euer you heard, and I haue married him.
Sir Hu. Ieſhu M. *Slender*, cannot you ſee but marrie
Pa. O *I* am vext at hart, what ſhal I do? (boyes?

Enter Fenton and Anne.

Miſ.Pa. Here comes the man that hath deceiued
How now daughter, where haue you bin? (vs all:
An. At Curch forſooth.
Pa. At Church, what haue you done there?

Fen.

Fen. Married to me, nay sir neuer storme,
Tis done sir now, and cannot be vndone.
Ford: Ifaith M. *Page* neuer chafe your selfe,
She hath made her choise wheras her hart was fixt,
Then tis in vaine for you to storme or fret.
Fal. I am glad yet that your arrow hath glanced
Mi. For. Come mistris *Page*, Ile be bold with you,
Tis pitie to part loue that is so true.
Mis. Pa. Altho that I haue missed in my intent,
Yet *I* am glad my husbands match was crossed,
Here M. *Fenton*, take her, and God giue thee ioy.
Sir Hu: Come M. *Page*, you must needs agree.
Fo. I yfaith sir come, you see your wife is wel plea-
Pa. I cannot tel, and yet my hart's well eased, (sed:
And yet it doth me good the Doctor missed.
Come hither *Fenton*, and come hither daughter,
Go too you might haue stai'd for my good will,
But since your choise is made of one you loue,
Here take her *Fenton*, & both happie proue. (dings.
Sir Hu. I wil also dance & eat plums at your wed-
Ford. All parties pleased, now let vs in to feast,
And laugh at *Slender*, and the Doctors iest.
He hath got the maiden, each of you a boy
To waite vpon you, so God giue you ioy,
And sir *Iohn Falstaffe* now shal you keep your word,
For *Brooke* this night shall lye with mistris *Ford*.

Exit omnes.

FINIS.

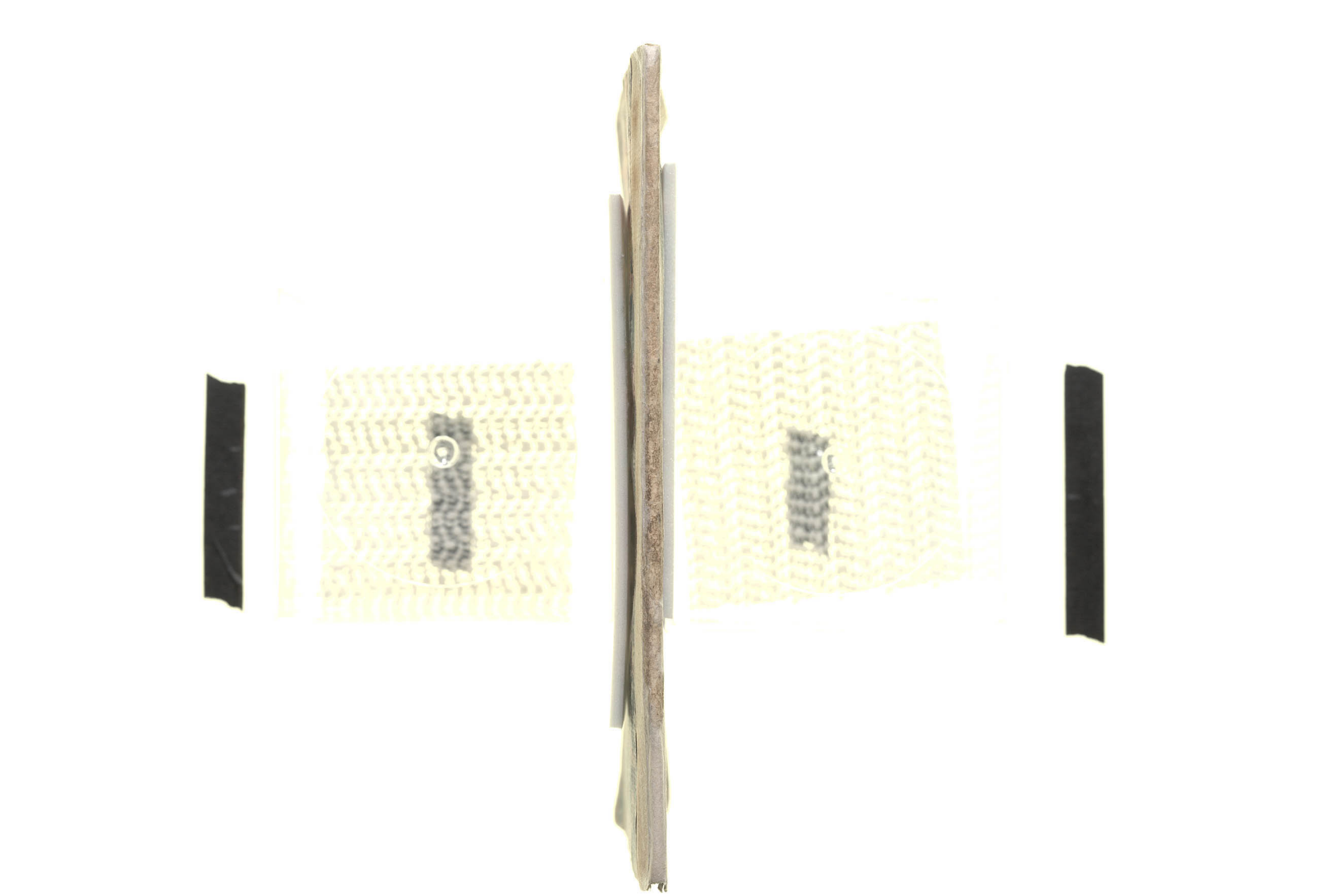
BRITISH MUSEUM

DEPARTMENT OF MANUSCRIPTS

Record of Treatment, Extraction, Repair, etc.

of ~~M.S.~~ no. Huth 48

Date	Particulars	Name
12.02.2003	Repair to binding: kozo and w.s.p.	RJ

MSS SR7 | 7/75 7961 351136 8m H&S(P)Ltd Gp841

HUTH
BEQUEST.